

Beverly
Zabriskie

MSC EJM 1311

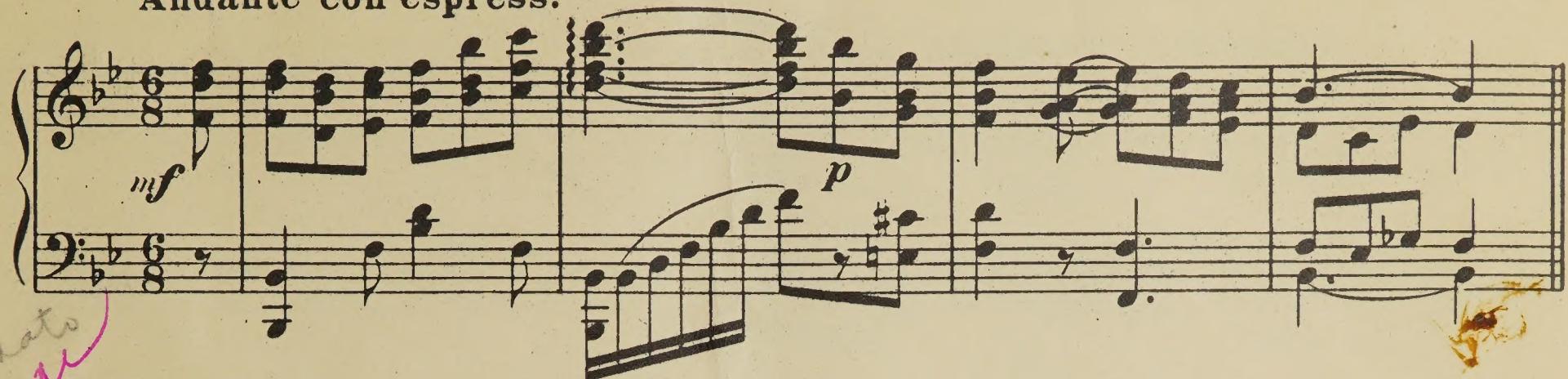
IN THE GARDEN

8

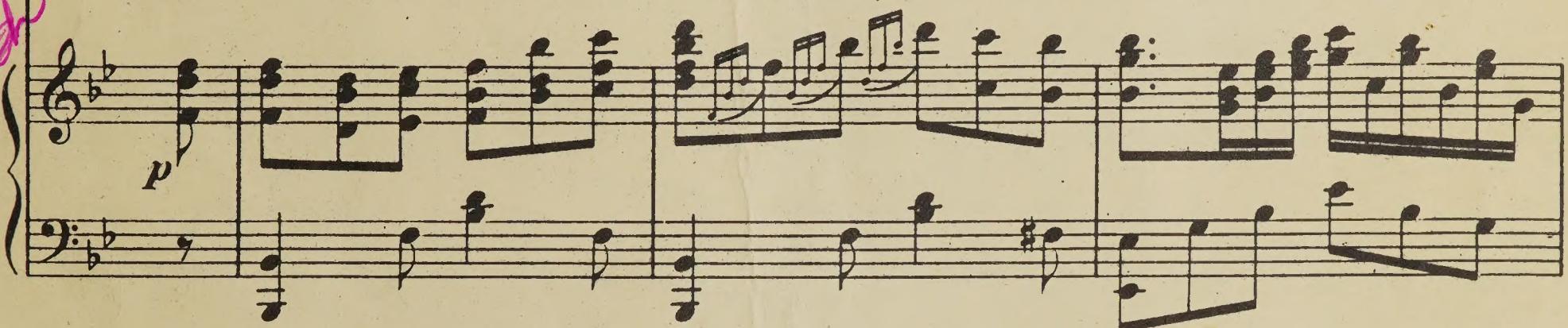
C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES

Andante con espress.



Vibrato
I come to the gar-den a - lone, While the dew is still on the



ros - es, And the voice I hear fall-ing on my ear The



Son of God dis - clos - es. And He walks with me and He talks with me, And He



p *cresc.*

tells me I am His own _____ And the joy we share as we

p *cresc.*

tar - ry there None oth-er has ev-er _____ known.

*a tempo**rit.**a tempo**p*

He speaks, and the sound of His voice _____ Is so sweet the birds hush their

sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy, That He gave to me With - in my heart is

ring - ing. And He walks with me and He talks with me, And He tells me I am His

own, And the joy we share as we tar - ry there, None other has ev-er

known.

I'd stay in the garden with Him — Tho' the night a-round me be fall - ing, But He

bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe His voice to me is call - ing. And He

walks with me and He talks with me And He tells me I am His own, — And the

joy we share as we tar - ry there, None other has ev-er known.

cresc.

f

molto con forza

cresc.

f

ff